TWO CENTENARIANS.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE CONGRATULATES THE *TIMES* ON REACHING ITS 100TH YEAR.

NOTHING IF NOT CRITICAL.

WITH a charming *naïveté*, Mrs. KENDAL has recently been giving a good deal of interesting information on the subject of Dramatic Criticism to the "Interviewer" of an enterprising journal; and if the fair and gifted *Artiste* be correct in her estimate of the present condition of this special department of literature, it certainly would seem to be in rather a bad way.

That a great Actor should nowadays be able to demoralise the "Upper Ten of the Press" by "Capuan Suppers" is sad enough; but still there is, it must be granted, about the gastronomic downfall of these distinguished gentlemen a certain melancholy dignity. Nothing, however, can be said in extenuation of the conduct of the representative of another, and it is to be presumed, less exalted class of journalism, whom Mrs. KENDAL playfully gibbets under the name of "Mr. SPARKLER." To ensure a laudatory notice of a new piece from this venal and exacting personage, much art, discretion, temper, tact, expense, and even serious inconvenience will have to be faced by any high-class management. But that the feat is to be accomplished, the following fly-leaf recording Mr. SPARKLER'S experiences of a *premières*, extracted from his own private diary, conclusively testifies:—

8·6.—Arrive at the Theatre one-and-twenty minutes late. Thought so. They haven't dared to ring up without me. Halloa! what's this? Why, if it isn't—the Guards' Band in the Entrance, playing, "*See the Conquering Hero Comes*," just as I step out of my Hansom! JACKSON, the Acting-Manager, meets me, hat in hand, and explains that they send their compliments, and hope I like the Music on the stairs. Civil. Wonder what sort of a Box they've given me. Ha! this isn't bad. The three next to the Stage on Grand Tier all knocked into one. Notice a sofa-divan, seven easy chairs, two tables (one laid), a mantelpiece with clock on it, several genuine "FRANCATELLIS," an astronomical telescope, hot India-rubber water-bottle, and artistic display of fernery, with all daily and weekly papers; in fact, everything to make one comfortable.

8·16.—Audience hissing a good deal because they don't begin. Dear me, this is really meant very civilly. Man from neighbouring Restaurant has just wheeled in a joint to back of the Box, and says he is requested to ask me, with compliments, whether I "wouldn't like a little something, just to keep me up after my cab-drive—just one slice—before they begin." What is it? "Boiled pork, and pease-pudding." Well, I don't know that I won't. Uproar in the house. They send round "compliments," and wonder whether I would mind eating through the First Act. Not in the least. Tell them "to begin, and not mind me."

9·17.—First Act over. Something in it. Like it. Almost as good as that boiled pork. They have just sent round a dozen of stout with "compliments" and want to know whether, as there is rather a heavy set, I would like to take a little turn in a private coach and four round Hyde Park in the dark and refresh myself. Send back to say "Thanks—but not now, I'll let them know about it later."

10·5.—Second Act over. Public seem to like it. Rather annoyed at getting no message from "behind." Ha! ha! they had better look out! Knock at the door. Good. It's all right! They've sent round two barrels of oysters with a man to open them as fast as I can eat them, and then "compliments" and would I like to have the Acting-Manager in to do a little rough tumbling and conjuring, at which he is rather clever, at the back of the box to amuse me. Accept the oysters. Acting-Manager bad. Send him about his business and, at his suggestion, have in the ophicleide from the Guards Band to play a solo. A few cries of "Order!" from the house, but I get a kindly nod of encouragement through the curtain. They evidently mean to be civil.

10·45.—Have finished the oysters, and at End of Act Three, accepted invitation to go round "behind" and, carefully packed in cotton wool, get into the costly and elaborate machinery and revolve with it, partaking of bits of fresh pine-apple, bonbons, strawberry ices, and *petits verres* of Chartreuse in three colours, while its purpose is explained to me by the "management," who follow me about with a Surgeon from the Charing Cross Hospital, in case I stick. Again press me to have a turn somewhere in a four-horse coach before last Act commences, and finally take a rush in a tandem up Northumberland Avenue and back.

11·17.—Last Act in progress. Am smoking the second out of a fine hundred of cigars I found waiting me, spread out in the front of the Box on my return. Feel a little sleepy. "Kindest compliments" sent round to say they have noticed it from the Stage, and would I like to have my hair cut, and be sprinkled with Eau de Cologne, and be kept awake, "as it won't last very much longer," by some good Stories that the Acting-Manager will be delighted to tell me. Thoughtful. Pull myself together, and try to make out what it's all about. Seems to be a costly and artistic revival of *Macbeth*. MEM. *If there's a good feed after it's over*, give 'em a lift? eh?

MIDNIGHT.—All right. I thought they would do the correct thing. "Very kindest compliments," and will I join them afterwards in a little "select Capuan Banquet—to meet the *crême* of the Press, and have a friendly little chat about it all—" quite *sans façon*. Six-horse drag now waiting. By Jove, I'll go, though—and, though I didn't think much of his First Witch, if the Château Yquem, 1865, is good, he shall have a whole half column to himself!

A CROWNING DIFFICULTY.

IT having been definitely decided at the latest sitting of the Berlin Conference that the future form of Government of the *New Central African Association* shall be "Monarchical," and, as far as the idea can be conveniently carried out, of the Newest Approved European type, the following notes of a rough draft scheme have already been drawn up:—

1. The king shall be elected by the *Minor Purposes Committee*.
   (*a*) His income shall consist of 500 tons of ivory dust, cocoanut-fibre, live performing camels, human bones, date jelly, hyæna skins, and unscented palm hair-oil, *payable quarterly in advance*, and he shall have power (*droit*) to levy for arrears with a tomahawk.
   (*b*) He may take out a portable Palace, Circus, Italian Opera House (with reduced prices), and five dozen lamp-posts with him; but, in the event of there being no Capital to receive him, he will be expected to find his own.
   (*c*) An eleven months' residence in the basin of the Upper Congo will be regarded as the minimum of his annual presence on the spot, and, owing to the natural advantages of the situation, he will not be required to put his washing out.
2. The Candidates eligible for the post will be (*a*) the Emperor of GERMANY, (*b*) the Emperor of AUSTRIA, (*c*) the King of the BELGIANS, (*d*) the King of ITALY, (*e*) the Emperor of RUSSIA.
3. In the event, which is not probable, of the crown being refused by all of the above Royal and Imperial personages, it will be offered to (*a*) Mr. SANGER, (*b*) the Representative of Messrs. CROSSE AND BLACKWELL, (*c*) the Lama of Thibet, (*d*) Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
4. In the further improbable event of one, or even all four of these gentlemen together, declining to go out and see how they like it (*leur convient*), just for a month (*un mois seul*), then it shall be thrust on some distinguished ticket-of-leave man by private pressure (*force majeure*), and he shall be required to finish out his legal term on half-salary, dividing the balance among the acting Committee of Appointment.
5. In the still further and more improbable event of the new king, however chosen, being suddenly eaten, together with the rest of his dynasty, by his subjects in a fit of popular enthusiasm, it shall then be competent for the Committee of Appointment to reconsider the above constitutional scheme, and advertise occasionally in some widely read weekly paper for an elderly, amiable, confiding, and eligible substitute.

A CONSCIENTIOUS CHILD.

"IS YOUR COLD BETTER THIS MORNING, DARLING?"
"I DON'T KNOW. I FORGOT TO ASK NURSEY!"

THE MANHOOD OF GREAT BOYS.

Most boys are familiar with virtuous little books which instruct them about the Boyhood of Great Men. They are well aware of NELSON's want of acquaintance with Fear, and his interview with the Polar Bear, and they know about GEORGE WASHINGTON and his little Axe, and the Young Spartan who fed the Stolen Fox on Black Broth, while he himself dined luxuriously on Sea Urchins and *Garum*. But the moral lessons of the *Manhood of Great Boys* have still to be drawn. Perhaps they serve rather as warnings than attractions, but they are none the less valuable and salutary, especially as they are seldom or never derived from classical life, but from the palpitating present. By way of improving the holiday season, too often spent thoughtlessly (like pocket-money), we publish one or two brief Biographical sketches of the Manhood of Great Boys.

I.—THE HUMORIST.

There never was a greater Boy than PETER PLAYFUL. His mind was always full of fun, and his pockets of squirts, squibs, whistles, pea-shooters, and other allied forms of wit and humour. He was famous for his Practical Puns, where the joke consisted in doing the right thing to the wrong person; for example, in sending in his pastry-cook's bill to his Form-master, by way of Greek prose, while he would endeavour to satisfy his Tradesman with an exercise on the *Life and Adventures of Balbus*. He would fill letter-boxes with orange-peel, and use the letters which he had been given to post, in the manufacture of paper-boats on the Round Pond.

When he grew up to be a (University) Man, PETER would play at being Proctor, with some of his friends disguised as Bull-dogs, and it made great mirth when he met the real Proctor, and asked him for his Name and College. As PETER was smoking at the time, the Proctor did not fail to see the joke, but, being of a jealous temper, he caused PETER to be removed from Oxford.

PETER then desired to be a Successful Merchant, like Mr. SAMUEL BUDGE, but, as he still remained at heart a Great Boy, he did not become Lord Mayor. For example, when in the Coal Business PETER would send his customers slates, instead of Best Wallsend, and, when in the Wine Trade, he would playfully substitute logwood and potato spirit, for very curious tawny old Port, and extremely clean and nutty Sherry, while he would insist on putting a few "surprise cigars" (which exploded when ignited) in every box of Havannas. By his happy boyish ways, and his habit of paying everyone with what he called "Sell Cheques"—drawn on Banks where he had no account—PETER made many friends, but he was too gay and generous for business, and became quite poor. He did not inherit his old Aunt's money, because he once sent her a hamper full of live rats for a Christmas Present, "as he knew she was fond of animals."

At last PETER had to spend his Christmas Eve in the Workhouse, where, however, he would have had a good dinner next day. But, being unable to resist the desire to make a booby trap for the Chaplain, PETER was shut up alone in a cell, with only skilly, instead of roast beef and plum pudding for his Christmas Dinner. As the other Paupers went past the cell to their nice meal, they heard PETER PLAYFUL singing "*Oft in the Skilly Night*," which shows us that a Great Boy can be happy while many another man would feel quite sad and cheerless.

II.—THE INVENTOR.

THOMAS TREADWELL was always reckoned a very Ingenious Boy. While still very young, seeing other boys with boats, while he had none, he converted his Sunday hat into a circular iron-clad, with a newspaper for a sail—and his barque behaved nobly. THOMAS also converted the mainspring of his father's watch into machinery for the lock of a brass cannon, and, being in need of a saw, made a very fine one with his father's razor, which he nicked in the edge with a piece of the drawing-room window-pane.

Come to Manhood, THOMAS remained a Great Boy, and laid out all his property on his own useful inventions. He discovered a machine for writing Leading Articles, but this only only caused him to be hated and insulted by the Gentlemen whom his cleverness deprived of their livelihood. Later, THOMAS devised a mechanical Member of Parliament for the Representation of Minorities. This was a great saving of trouble, as the mechanical Member, on being wound up, almost always went into the right Lobby and voted straight, while the Government of the day, by regulating the works, could make him alter his course in any direction. Finally THOMAS produced and patented two mechanical self-feeding Waste-paper Baskets, with dust-bins complete, which he proposed to substitute for the Colonial and Foreign Offices. About this invention he received a most flattering letter from PRINCE BISMARCK, who said that he found these new inventions quite equal to the old-fashioned English articles then in use. But public prejudice was stirred up against THOMAS, and the War Office neglected his plan for "giving the enemy snuff" in patent soft-coated explosive shells, recommended by the Peace Society.

By this time the money of THOMAS was spent, and he had to develope his Self-steering Dynamic Balloon in the retirement of Colney Hatch, where he is one of the most respected inmates. Parents and Guardians will observe the results in the way of honours and rewards, that may be won by encouraging inventiveness in the young.

UPSIDE DOWN.

WE are so familiar at least with the names of our Colonies, that we are apt to forget the varied conditions among which our kinsmen live. We talk of Australia, Queensland, and Canada as if they were Kensington, Fulham, or the new Parliamentary Borough of St. George's-in-the-East. It is well to be occasionally reminded, as we are by the telegram from Queensland which the Agent-General published the other day, that things are not as they seem. Amongst the items of intelligence given it is telegraphed: "Parliament prorogued Governor yesterday." Now here, as everyone knows, it is the Governor (the QUEEN) who prorogues Parliament. At the Antipodes things are naturally just the reverse, and it is the Parliament that prorogues the Governor. A strange World, my Masters!

SNUBBED! OR, NO ONE WILL DANCE WITH HIM!

Cavalier Seul, sings:—

THEY say that "silence means consent,"
Alas! the adage-mongers fib.
My bland proposals I present,
With sinuous spine, with pliant rib;
In vain I plead, in vain I prance.
They will not dance!

Silence? By Memnon, they're as mute
As Tara's harp, as Sphinxes, fish,
Or Orpheus with a shattered lute.
They do, they *must* know what I wish,
Yet freeze me with Medusa glance.
They *will* not dance!

Germania gives a scornful sniff,
And Austria pouts an Austrian lip,
Whilst Russia looks incarnate tiff.
I in the waltz can deftly trip,
Yet even saltatory France
Declines to dance!

True, little Italy,—methinks—
Would gladly take my arm and try;
But stops in awe, poor timid minx,
Of stern Germania's glassy eye.
Cold, all alike, to my advance,
They will *not* dance!

'TIS COURTESY MAKES THE MAYOR TO GO.

A VERY remarkable example of courtesy is reported from Liverpool. The *Liverpool Daily Post*, which is properly enthusiastic on the matter, says:—

"One of the many instances of the Mayor's (Mr. DAVID RADCLIFFE's) courtesy was shown to the Deputation from the General and Sub-post Offices, which waited upon him at the Town Hall on Monday. The Mayor presented each of the Deputation with a Cabinet Photograph of himself; and it is needless to say this signal kindness has been greatly esteemed."

"Signal kindness" is rather a poor and inadequate way of alluding to this action on the part of the Mayor of Liverpool. It is prodigious. We trust it will prove that Mr. RADCLIFFE has not only done good himself, but has been the cause of others doing good. We can imagine nothing more pleasing, or indeed more elevating, than to be the recipient of a Mayor's Photograph, cabinet size. Lord Mayor NOTTAGE may, from delicacy of feeling that will be understood and appreciated, hesitate to follow the example. But to Mayors in other towns we commend it.

WAS IT VERY COLD?

THE day after Mr. GLADSTONE's seventy-fifth birthday—there is no other date known in a liberal computation of time,—*The Standard* had this paragraph—

"Mr. GLADSTONE seemed as fresh and as hale as he has done at any period during the last four years, and faced the biting easterly wind at eight o'clock in the morning with no other protection than that afforded by a shawl loosely thrown over his shoulders."

Nothing but a shawl loosely thrown over his shoulders! Good gracious! The PREMIER was very nearly affording a representation of the First Gentleman in the World as he appeared on quitting Eden. And Police surveillance has been entirely withdrawn, or partially modified! Odd!

THE REAL ORIGINAL CORSICAN BROTHERS.—LOUIS, JOSEPH, and NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

TWO SHARPS AND ONE FLAT.

ONE of the most delightful books we've come across for some time is *Sketching Rambles in Holland*, by G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A., and E. A. ABBEY. The Sauce Hollandaise with this dish is indeed excellent. It is beautifully got up by MACMILLAN & Co., the reproduction of the sketches being simply perfect. The two *collaborateurs* drew one another occasionally; and Mr. J. E. ROGERS, not mentioned on the title-page, draws a picture which he calls "part of the Abbey." He has not done "part of the BOUGHTON," as the latter appears to have done his own part himself, and done it so well and such a lot of it, as to be able to say of the book, "*quorum pars magna fui*;" *i.e.*, "I wrote all the 'pars' myself." How Mr. ROGERS is in it we don't quite understand, as, though we confess to having read it just as a Dutch Skipper might do—that is "skipping"—yet we do not remember having ever alighted on the name of J. E. ROGERS anywhere except in the list of illustrations. No doubt we're wrong, but no matter for that, it's the best book on Dutch land, Dutch life and manners and customs, that any intending traveller in these parts could wish for, and if we're wrong, then all we can say is that we're a Dutchman,—a double one, of course.

But don't they both of them flatter the women? They do—and quite right too—that's the way to get on; and then, no doubt, they're going "bock agen," and these little compliments will be of use to them. Besides, isn't Holland a country that might be "let out in flats?" Not that flat is the character of the people. No, sharp's the word. An Englishman staying in France becomes *plus Français que Français*; and so between these two artistic companions there was perpetual emulation when in Holland, which is the flattest of places, as to which should be the flatterer. This is clearly the secret of the beautiful Dutchesses whose charming portraits are to be seen in this book. To our thinking, speaking for *Mr. Punch*, it is the best Christmas, New Year's, or any other Season's present that can be given. Get it.

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE.

MY DEAR MR. HARRY PAYNE,

ON the first night of the Pantomime, it was not until half-past eleven that *I* beheld your beautiful red and white complexion, the visible evidence of a Clown's perfect state of health, saw the movements of your mobile countenance, and heard you observe that you and several other people were there once more. But my feelings of joy were alloyed with (if you will allow me to make this witty remark, probably for the first time) some "pain" on noticing that directly you had said "Here we are again!" the majority of the Audience in the Stalls and Dress Circle seemed to retort, "No, we're not!" by getting up, putting on their cloaks and wrappers, and hurrying out.

The Guiding Stars.

The younger Children were dead tired, and Old Boys were athirst. For my part, I would have given anything to have been allowed to witness what are called the "Comic Scenes," which of course are intended to be a relief to the first part of the entertainment, which is always so intensely tragic, but I was removed by superior force.

It went to my heart to tear myself away, and I could not bear the thought of your having sat out in the cold, so to speak, all through those thirteen or fourteen scenes, waiting for hours to come on and exclaim, "Here we are again!" I wonder you didn't cry out, "Here we are at last!" I believe you would have made a distinct hit had you done so. No matter, if the same thing occurs next year, say it then.

AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS is the Lorenzo the Magnificent of the Stage: and CHARLES, his brother, is his true friend and assistant—the bashful, shy, retiring CHARLES, who, on Boxing Night, when dragged out of some mysterious hiding-place by the energetic and splendidly-attired Manager, appeared in a working dress, bashfully cowering before the enthusiastically applauding audience, as though he had done something wrong, and was in dumb show begging everybody's pardon, and imploring his brother to let him off this once, and he'd never do it again.

The most original effect is in the First Scene, my dear Mr. HARRY

Making Faces in the presence of the Audience.

PAYNE. The Five Senses come on, represented by Ears, Noses, Mouths with tongues out, Eyes and Hands, all dancing about separately, each on his own account. As long as these capital Masks last, Messrs. LABHART and F. BURDETT, they won't be out of their Senses at Old Drury. These Senses all combine, and make several faces (very rude of them) in sight of the Audience. It was the first hit, and it was irresistible.

The next great hit was Mr. LAURIE as *The Cat*; and, to celebrate his praises, would require the genius of a Laurie-ate, when he isn't writing "BECKET."

Hit Number Three is made by Madame KATTIE LANNER's Pupils. What, indeed, would *Whittington* be without his KATTIE? Not a

Whittington's Kattie Larners practising with a Kit.

child in London but must see these little dears in their night-dresses, dancing, and enjoying themselves thoroughly. KATTIE LANNER's is the real Infant School of Dramatic Art.

Of course, my dear Sir, while awaiting your turn, you did not see the Grand Ballet scene. It is dazzlingly brilliant, and the dancing by Mdlles. PERTOLDI and ZANFRETTA is perfect in toe-toe. The last big hit which knocked me over entirely was the Lord Mayor's Show. The idea of making the shields and arms of the various Municipal Guilds and Corporations into living, moving, and dancing figures, is most ingenious; and seeing that every sort of political satire is allowed in the *Candidate*,—and probably several are subsequently given by yourself, Mr. HARRY, in your comic scenes with telling effect,—I cannot understand why the HOME SECRETARY was not brought on in that scene to step a lively measure with the Heraldic Dragons, as lively a measure, at all events, as his own Municipal Reform Bill. No doubt Sir W. V. HARCOURT will go in state to see it, and be admitted to the procession on the stage with the Lord Mayor NOTTAGE himself, who, if it is very cold weather, might have a scene on the ice with Sir WILLIAM, and show him how to "keep the pot a bilin'," on one of his own Stereoscopic Company's slides.

I must not forget the sylph-like ÆNEA, flying gracefully as ever in the air, walking daintily on the Children's out-stretched hands, and perching lightly on their heads. What *do* these little mites think of it all? Some little ones in front are frightened merely at the view, to

which distance lends enchantment, of the monsters, which for the little Kattie Larners have no terrors whatever. What, hereafter, will travellers' tales be to these Children of Pantomime? Can they ever hear of anything more wonderful than what, at two or three years old, they have seen with their own very eyes?

"The Wanderings of Ænea's."

The funny men—who might be described as "Messrs. NICHOLLS, CAMPBELL & Co., with POWERS to add to their number"—are droll as it is, and will be droller and droller when they've quite forgotten all about the Veteran E. L. BLANCHARD's lines, and speak nothing but their own jokes, which suit them of course so much better than what the fanciful Author has been at some pains to write for them. I'm afraid Miss FANNY LESLIE has been trying her voice too much, though she is as sprightly as ever as *Whittington*. You should try and see her with *Alice* in the pretty farewell scene.

Also, my dear Mr. HARRY, stop at the wing one night, and listen to Miss KATE MUNROE singing her Nightingale Trill Song. Its effect is trilling! This year it is the singing KATE, last year it was the dancing KATE; so, anyhow, AUGUSTUS Katers for the public. The Pantomime is, on the whole, about the most gorgeous spectacle ever yet seen on this or any other Stage. Some of the scenery is admirably painted. Mr. BEVERLEY takes the audience by storm,—an effective scene—but I regret that his graceful and artistic fancy should be conspicuous by its absence from the Transformation. I am told there's a tremendous run on the seats, which the Manager must stop if it's done in dirty boots—and the place is so crowded, that there's small chance of your inimitable comic scenes being witnessed by your friend and admirer, NIBBS.

William Holland and his Magnificent Stud.

P.S.—WILLIAM the Silent's Show at Covent Garden was thronged on Boxing Night, a most appropriate evening for Athletes to revel in the Prize Ring. There are eighteen Clowns!—this results from a dearth of Pantomimes. How fortunate that at this time of year employment can be found for them in "The Garden."

SAD CASE OF STATUE.

THE Achilles Statue (so called) in Hyde Park is reported to be in a bad way:—

"In the calf of the right leg there is a great gash, several inches long, and an inch or more wide. The bronze is completely severed, with the hollow interior of the leg laid open. For some time past the aperture has been growing and widening; and it threatens to entirely destroy the leg, if not to cause a complete collapse of the Statue."—*Letter to the Times.*

Ære perennius? Not the molten image in the deplorable condition above described. But that is not the form of a man of metal, strong and solid, but, as the boy calls his twopenny jam-puff, deficient in jam, a hollow humbug. No wonder that its leg has got laid open, and that its entire system is in such a state that it stands in need of surgery. Perhaps, indeed, it may be past that, but whether or no, St. George's Hospital being close at hand, it might be taken there, by order of the proper Authority, to ascertain what the surgeons say.

THE Bishop of OXFORD wants Vivisectionists to be logical, which is asking them to be better than himself. This is true humility. The Bishop wants to know if those who vivisect an animal for a given purpose, would vivisect a man? Certainly. Holding as we do that, under certain clearly-defined and stringent restrictions, it is expedient and lawful to vivisect animals, we would even go so far in our unrelenting logic as to vivisect a Bishop, not *quâ* Bishop, but in the event of his ever reducing himself to the level of the brute creation, or, in plain language, should he on any occasion make an ass of himself.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

THAT'S SO!

YOU'RE bound to go slick through it, if once you should begin,
MARK TWAIN's exciting Story of *Huckleberry Finn!*

"THE PICTORIAL PRESS."

MASON JACKSON's graphic record you'll fail not to peruse—
An illustrated story of the *Illustrated News*;
And illustrated papers of all sizes, sorts and climes,
Of print allied with pictures both of old and modern times:
In short a rare epitome—you'll gladly read, I guess—
About the rise and progress of the illustrated press.

ANOTHER BOOK ABOUT DICKENS.

GEORGE DOLBY knew the "Chief" full well,
And as he knew him, drew him;
So read the tale he has to tell—
Charles Dickens as I Knew Him.

"BETWEEN THE ACTS."

A NOVEL, wholesome, fresh and bright,
That's full of air and life and light,
No doubt attracts:
And that's the reason you can't fail,
To read Miss STOCKER's pleasant tale—
Between the Acts.

"CHARLEY KINGSTON'S AUNT."

Now here is a tale I might tell you—but shan't,
Of one who grew rich by dissecting his Aunt!
I won't give the plot, but this much I may tell—
She certainly cut up uncommonly well!
Send off to MACMILLAN and quickly read them,
The story that's writ by PEN OLIVER's pen.

TWO GOOD GUIDES.

IF the town you'd run through slick,
And the Colleges you'd do;
You should read the *Dickens Dic-*
-tionary of the U-
-niversity of Cambridge!

When of *cicerони* sick,
If the "High" you'd quickly view;
You must buy the *Dickens Dic-*
-tionary of the U-
-niversity of Oxford! *

* This last is evidently the effect of too much Christmassing on our poet's Pegasus, which can't stand being fed on plum-pudding and fire-water. We warn him that there *are* limits.—ED.

A NEW USE FOR OLD CARDS.

CHRISTMAS and New Year Cards, which have served one good turn in conveying good wishes at the season of good-will, may, it appears, serve another turn at least equally good, by being utilised for the Scrap-books for poor and sick children, which the Children's Scrap Book Mission distributes in thousands amongst the Homes and Hospitals of London. There is a kindly economy here which commends itself to *Mr. Punch's* child-loving heart. Perhaps even the overworked Postmen might less complain did they know that their backs ached, not only to convey more or less formal greetings, and—as it is to be feared, is too often the case—to flatter vanity, but to brighten the lonely and painful hours of poor sick Children. The Secretary of the "Children's Scrap-book Mission" will gladly receive contributions of old Christmas and New Year Cards at the address of the Mission, 26, Tunstall Road, Brixton, S.W.

IT is absolutely necessary that the sewage of London should be disposed of in the best possible manner. This fact is against any suggestion of Sir JOHN LAWES' being adopted, it being proverbial that "Necessity knows no Lawes."

THE interesting Literature of the Fisheries ably edited by Mr. TRENDELL has just been completed. In our next or next after that, we hope to give a good account of the fish. But at the present moment our Senior Angler, whom we sent to draw up the lines, hasn't returned. If he has hook'd it, he'll catch it.

A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

He. "IT 'S A POLKA; BUT WE CAN WALTZ TO IT."
She. "OH, NOT FOR WORLDS! I HATE WALTZING TO A POLKA; BESIDES I ADORE THE POLKA STEP!"
He. "SORRY! I—A—*NEVAH* DANCE THE POLKA; BUT WE CAN SIT OUT THIS DANCE, IF YOU LIKE—AND *I WILL TALK TO YOU!*"
She. "OH, GOOD GRACIOUS, NO! LET US DANCE IT *ANY WAY YOU LIKE!*"

THE GREEDY BOY.

Master JOHN BULL, *loquitur*—

WELL, of all the "twists" tremendous
That I ever yet did see,
His is quite *the* most stupendous!
Licks old Milo's easily.
I thought *I* could eat pudding, but he 's got the start of Me!

For a new hand at the spoon, he
Is as smart as heart could wish.
If I do not strike in soon, he
Will proceed to clear the dish.
And he seems to have a swallow that would startle Jonah's fish.

At a mouthful such a lot to
Take and gobble up is rude.
Oh, you greedy, greedy OTTO!
You should masticate your food,
Without which—you ask our GLADSTONE—it will do you little good.

But then two bites at a cherry
Doesn't seem at all your style.
You 're voracious, OTTO, very.
Oh yes, you may wink and smile;
But *I* know that over-eating spoils digestion, stirs the bile.

Then you don't eat fair, my OTTO,
For you go and stick your knife
In *my* side, which you ought not to.
Like your cheek, upon my life!
And, but for my repletion, don't you know, might lead to strife.

"The World 's my—pudding," OTTO;
Or at least that used to be
My unformulated motto,
One accepted tacitly,
Though other chaps were welcome to small slices—after Me!

But your "cut and come again" is
Quite an innovation—yes!
Oh, your object pretty plain is,
And you reckon on success.
But *swallowing's not digesting*, as one day you may confess.

You are cutting spanking chasms
In the pudding; yes, just so.
But fierce appetite in spasms
Isn't peptic power, you know,
And your regular omniophagist in deglutition 's slow.

You 've as fine a "twist," my Teuton,
As the boys of WILLIAM HUNT,
And—from causes I 'll be mute on—
In *this* feed you are in front.
(That old DERBY played the duffer, and, I think, deserves a shunt.)

For the moment,—I allow it,—
I 'm a little off my feed,
And you certainly can go it
With a true Gargantuan greed,
Yet, in licking me as trencherman, I think you 'll scarce succeed.

At regular steady eating
I can challenge you; at least
I shall take a lot of beating,
When I 'm fairly on the feast.
And—it is the pace that kills, Sir, in the South, as in the East!

NEW SETTING OF AN OLD SAW (*by our Subtle One*).—A Proverb for the Government—"Passing Events cast their shadows—behind."

THE GREEDY BOY.

THE CRETAN BOY.

A DREAM OF UNFAIR TRADE.

(A Long Way after the Laureate.)

"OH, DON'T WE KNOW THE MIDDLE-MAN,
THE MIDDLE-MAN, THE MIDDLE-MAN!"

I READ before my eyelids dropt their shade,
That wondrous *Wealth of Nations*, long ago
Writ by great ADAM SMITH, he who first made
Trade's nature known below.

And for awhile the feeling of his truth
Cheered me, as one who haven gladly hails
Anon the stir of sympathy and ruth
At human woes and wails

Suffused mine eyes with tears. O'er all the land
Which economic lore illumineth,
I witnessed Toil with Sorrow hand-in-hand,
And Poverty, and Death.

And spite of Free-Trade facts and fiscal proofs,
I saw large crowds in pauper sanctuaries,
And smokeless chimneys towering o'er the roofs
Of silent factories.

At length I saw a Lady within call,
Stiller than grave Minerva standing there,
A daughter of Urania, god-like tall,
And classically fair.

And then a low voice, charged with brooding care,
Murmured beside me, "Turn and look on me.
I am that Trade which men called Free (*not* 'Fair'),
If what I was I be.

"I had great power, millions lipped my name,
My wholesome sway appeared man's destiny.
Champions espoused my cause, where-e'er I came
I brought prosperity."

"No marvel, sovereign Lady, in fair field
Myself thy championship had gladly tried,"
I answered bold, and, turning, I appealed
To one who stood beside.

But she, with hot and angry looks averse,
To her full height her swelling stature draws.
"The land," she said, "is blighted with a curse—
This creature is the cause."

"In vain I speak, and strive to raise new cries
Of Tariff-war and Reciprocity;
The stern Economists with wolfish eyes
Stand by to watch me die."

Whereto that other, with unshrinking brow:—
"No matter what fools do beyond the foam,
For those who wield the hammer, hold the plough—
I'm best for all at home."

Then loud outspake a man of spacious size,
Broad-cloth'd, with crimson neck-scarf neatly rolled,
A fellow with red cheeks and cold grey eyes,
Chinking a bag of gold.

He, tipping me a cunning wink, began:—
"I govern Mart and 'Change, I long have swayed
All Markets. For I am the Middleman,
That Incubus of Trade.

"Profits I intercept, 'tis thus I climb
On Fortune's neck, I'm a monopolist-god.
The markets rise and fall at any time,
Obedient to my nod.

"Catch *me*—Trade's weasel—sleeping? Not a bit!
I track, spring, fasten, suck Trade's very life;
Between producer and consumer sit,
Like *Shylock* with his knife.

"Ready to cut here—there. In war's alarm,
'Midst general loss my profits I espy;
And 'midst closed ports and the loud clash of arms,
I thrive whilst thousands die.

"*Punch* pictured me as I may now be found,
Bringing to British shores the foreign prows.
Trade Œolus am I, the winds all round
Bring profit to my house.

"Free Trade? Fair Trade? Aha! What's in a name?
Imports untaxed *I* tithe, yet do not fear
Protective tariffs. No, it's all the same
To *me*, my lad. Look here!"

(With that he opened up his bag, and half
The glittering gold of the contents to sight
Laid bare; thereto he pointed with a laugh
Of cynical delight.)

* * * * *

Slowly I waked. Then said I, "I have heard
The noise of rival parties,—overborne
By one who crows loud as the crested bird
That rouses us at morn.

The *doctrinaires* may argue long and well,
Their craggy dogmas mouthing late and soon,
But Labour 's under some unhappy spell,
There's *something* out of tune.

Protection 's nonsense—that is understood,
It cannot help our Toilers anyway
To mock their myriad mouths with dearer food.
No—*that* device won't pay!

But empty factories and idle hands,
The waste of native manhood's power and pith,
Are cureless by cheap goods from foreign lands,
Or truths from ADAM SMITH.

"Yet tears to human suffering are due,"
Sings stoic WORDSWORTH. Ay, and more than tears:
The helpful labours of the thoughtful few,
Sagacity that steers

'Twixt pedant rule and purblind prejudice,
Not servile to old saw or centuried maxim,
Nor deeming wisdom summed in the advice,
"Give man Free Trade, and tax him."

Free Trade! Fair Trade! Is Industry *yet* free?
Are Capital and Competition fair?
Land's greed, Monopoly's subtle jugglery
Cramp Commerce everywhere.

Fleets piled with foreign produce on the wave,
Home-trade upbolstered by Protection's ban,
Trade from depression will not wholly save,
Marred by the Middleman.

Him Punch attacks in pungent word and picture;
Punch, frank distributor of praise and blame,
Though prejudice may misapply the stricture,
Blind zeal mistake the aim.

BETROTHAL OF PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Beatrice. So, BATTENBERG, LOVE ON; I WILL REQUITE THEE!
FOR OTHERS SAY THOU DOST DESERVE; AND I
BELIEVE IT BETTER THAN REPORTINGLY.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii., Sc. 1.

"I PROMESSI SPOSI."

[The *Court Circular* announces that the QUEEN has given her consent to the betrothal of Princess BEATRICE to Prince HENRY of Battenberg.]

AUSPICIOUS news to greet the young New Year!
Punch gives it in his pages first of places.
Sure *this Court Circular* should catch the ear
Of listening Muses and attendant Graces.
This knits the golden circle sweetly up,
And brims with joy the Royal Mother's Cup.

Therein the *amari aliquid*, on sooth,
Hath surged amidst love's sweetness all too often.
But the glad ring of fair and hopeful youth
Surrounding honoured age such pangs must soften.
May Heaven keep it, like true lover's token,
For many happy years bright and unbroken.

To him who takes therein his place to-day,
Prince HENRY, *Punch* a hearty hand extends;
Whilst as for her, the Widowed Sovereign's stay,
Truest of children, faithfullest of friends,
Sweet BEATRICE, the whole land prays her life,
As daughter loyal, may be glad as Wife!

BOYS TOGETHER.—The Managers of the Boys' Public School Company, advertise for a Master, to whom they offer a fixed salary. "In addition," so the advertisement runs, a "capitation grant of £1 will be given for every pupil over fifty." This looks well on paper. But the offer seems illusory. It is quite true that *Mr. Bultitude*, a gentleman something over fifty, went to school. But the action was quite involuntary on his part, and after his experience it is not likely, even suppose a Master were to share the capitation grant with them, that many middle-aged gentlemen would be inclined to join the boys' classes.

INNS AND OUTS.

Mr. BARTLE FRERE the Solicitor recently addressed a letter to the papers *à propos* of the proposed dissolution of the Inns of Chancery, pointing out the right of the possessor to deal at his pleasure with his possession, or, to put it in a colloquial form, "to do just what he likes with his own." No doubt Mr. BARTLE FRERE is right, still, if the idea were carried out thoroughly "to the bitter end," the result would be far from pleasant. Leaving out of the question the niceties of incorporation and other matters more easily comprehended by the lights of the profession, to the junior branch of which Mr. BARTLE FRERE belongs, than by the Public at large, we might soon read the following under the heading of—

THE LATEST LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Benchers of Gray's Inn, at a recent Pension, expended the whole of the funds of their Hon. Society in purchasing port for their own private consumption.

The Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn has mortgaged the freehold ground upon which the Hall stands, in order to raise funds for purchasing fireworks to be displayed in the adjacent fields on the occasion of his birthday.

The Treasurer of the Middle Temple has let out the gardens belonging to his Inn on a building lease so as to enlarge and cement the lawn-tennis grounds now in the occupation of the Junior Briefless Bar.

The Benchers of the Inner Temple have sold their library, and propose to utilise the purchase-money in prosecuting a search into the pedigrees of certain of their fellow members who claim lineal descent from the Ancient Kings of Ireland.

The Ancients of Staples Inn have decided to settle the proceeds of the sale of their property upon Sir CHARLES DILKE (in recognition of his kind intentions) for life, with remainder to the Members of Barnard's Inn and others with whom they have not the slightest connection.

WAS there ever a better name for a mistaken Editor of a revised SHAKSPEARE than Dr. MULL? At first sight it looks like a joke, but the work he has produced, judging it by a review in the *Times*, is evidently no joke. Dr. MATHIAS MULL is a fact.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

(*As exhibited in Christmas Annuals.*)

TELL me not, O Soul that slumbers,
"Life is placid, Life is pale!"
'Tis not so in Christmas Numbers;
There quite other views prevail.

Life is foaming, Life is frantic,
Here the dagger, there the bowl;
"Stick at nothing that 's romantic!"
Says my Printer to my Soul.

Not to live as boys and girls would
Is our men's and maidens' way;
But to act as if in Earlswood
You might find them any day!

Write of fire, and flood, and battle,
Write of Earls that gaily sin,
Write of Governesses,—that 'll
Bring the sweet subscribers in!

Lives of Great Highwaymen show it,
How to make our tales sublime;
Bother sense and grammar! Go it—
Give us something new in Crime!

Crimes that ne'er, perchance, another,
As he reached his volume's end,
Dreamed of—give us *these*, my brother,
Something fresh in guilt, my friend!

Let us then be up and raving,
Rave of ghosts, and sin, and fate;
These the gentle reader 's craving,
And he does not like to wait!

A BOON TO BRITAIN.—For one method of dealing with Dynamitard plotters, "A LIBERAL M.P." recommends in the *Times* "the extension to the United Kingdom of some of the drastic powers of the Irish Crimes Prevention Act." An admirable suggestion. Grant England the same protection of life and property as that which Ireland enjoys. Then Hibernia and Britannia will be equal before the law; and sure won't that be a mighty satisfactory concession of Justice to Ireland?

"THE SERVANTS."

Applicant for Cook's Place. "I 'VE ALWAYS BEEN IN FAM'LIES WHERE FOUR SERVANTS IS KEP', M'UM—WHICH I MUS' SAY, M'UM, I LIKES MY RUBBER IN THE HEVENING!!"

UTOPIAN JONES.

IF the "Dramatic Outlook" is not better than Mr. HUGH THOMSON's illustrations to this article in *The English Illustrated Magazine* this month, the Actors and Authors had better "look out" for themselves. All the characters represented are meant for likenesses, at least so we are led to infer from the names which the Artist has most considerately written beneath every picture, so that there may be no sort of doubt in the spectator's mind either as to the Actor for whom it is intended, or as to the character in which he is represented. The best is Mr. TREE as *Macari*.

As far as we 've read Mr. JONES's lecture on the Drama, he seems to have left out of the question all consideration of the *il faut vivre* argument, which compels the humble playwright to do what he can get to do, and not what he would prefer doing. When a Dramatic Author has made a fortune, he can then pick and choose his subjects, his Actors, and his Theatre; but so long as he has to keep the pot boiling, almost any sort of stuff that comes to hand may be used for fuel. He and his have to live, though of this no one sees the absolute necessity except himself and those who depend on his exertions; but it is quite enough for *them* to see it, and he has to live for them!

An Author may "respect himself and his Art" as much as Mr. JONES (part Author of *The Silver King* and sole Author of *Saints and Sinners*) could desire; but if there were a "prize of ten thousand pounds in the gutter," which he could get by scrambling for it, he 'd scramble; and, if he be the father of a family, he would be a culpable fool if he didn't scramble, and do his very best to get it. And supposing this prize of "ten thousand pounds in the gutter," and all the authors, impressed by Mr. JONES's high-falutin' teaching, turning up their noses at it, is anyone so simple as to imagine that the guileless JONES wouldn't be down in that gutter before Mr. HERMAN or Mr. WILLS could say "Knife!" and have picked up that ten-thousand-pound prize without any scrambling at all? Of course he would, and quite right, too, bless him! Let 's all cock our noses in the air, disdain earth, and open our mouths for the larks, roasted whole, to tumble into them.

No, thank you, talented Author of *Saints and Sinners*, but at all events Dramatic Authors will not ask you to join in the scramble, and will be only too delighted if you will be satisfied when your "honest work shall be fairly valued"—what does Mr. JONES mean by "honest work?"—"and shall buy him (Mr. JONES) honest bread and cheese." What is "honest bread and cheese?" Unadulterated? Why, this is the "horny-handed son of toil" claptrap. However, if Mr. JONES the Dramatist is content with his "honest bread and cheese," so be it, only with the honest bread give *us* the equally honest haunch of mutton. Mr. JONES doesn't mention anything to drink with his bread and cheese, so we may suggest for *him* the pure and filtered water, and for ourselves the honest "fizz,"—whereat we believe even the austere Dramatist's "honest phiz" would become radiant.

When we hear it asked why doesn't SMITH the Dramatist write something original instead of adapting from the French or German, or why doesn't BROWN (who obtained a Horsescholarship and the Buffoon prize) go in for something better than foolish Extravaganzas, farcical pieces, and Burlesques, which make thousands laugh (the idiots!), we say to ourselves, probably poor SMITH and BROWN have large families to support who depend on the bread-winner's play-wrighting work for their daily food, clothing, and schooling; and SMITH would be an ass if he refused a commission to adapt a French play for which he may get money enough to keep him and his for the next half-year; and BROWN would be a culpable donkey were he to discontinue his work which, doing no harm beyond amusing those who like being amused by songs and dances and fantastical nonsense, supplies him and his with the necessaries of life, and, if he is very lucky, with a few of the luxuries,—occasionally.

Of course, would we were all JONESES the Virtuous and Highly Artistic, but as we can't be that, let some of us thank Heaven we are ordinary SMITHS and BROWNS, and do our work "in that station of life to which it hath pleased," &c., &c., for which overhaul your catechism, and when found, make a note of.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS" to ALBERT VICTOR of Wales, who attains his majority Thursday, January 8, from His Young Royal Highness's sincere well-wisher, *Mr. Punch*. Hip! Hip! Hip! Hooray!

'ARRY (WITH TOM AND DICK) AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I've picked up a bit since I wrote to you last, dear old pal.
I *had* got the 'ump, and no error, along o' BILL B. and that gal.
But there, "Never say die" is my motter, must keep on the shove, don't yer see;
And to-day I've been doing some Art; Winter Show at Sir COUTTS'S G. G.

Tom, Dick, and 'Arry.

O, it ain't the fust time I've turned Art-crickit, CHARLIE. Remember my go
At BURNE-JONES'S crampy confloptions and JIM WHISTLER'S Mustard-pot Show?
Yus, and WHISTLER'S bin down upon 'ARRY as 'ot as he knows how to be,
But the 'ARRY he quilts is one QUILTER, I'm told; anyhow it ain't *Me!*

This Show ain't all Scarecrows and Smudges, no riddles in water or oil,
But TOM GAINSBOROUGH'S portraits and landscapes, and pictures by *Punch's* DICK DOYLE.
Twig? TOM, DICK and—'ARRY my pippin! that sounds quite O. K. and *ong sweet*,
Guess Sir COUTTS will be glad *I* dropt in, jest to make the arrangement complete.

As for TOM, he's no doubt a top-sawyer at painting the toffs of his time,
To have lived in a age of sech sweet things in tailoring *must* ha' bin prime.
Sech colours, my pippin! pink breeches and plum-coloured coats, dontcher-know,
With weskets like rainbows gone wrong,—though they wore 'em a *leetle* bit low.

Jest fancy yours truly togged up to the nines in the Gainsborough style,
Like "Handsome JACK SELLINGER," hay? or Sir BENJAMIN TRUMAN! Don't smile.
Fact is, as all artists agree, modern fashion don't give one a chance,
But with mulberry coat and blue bags I'd lead some o' the sparklers a dance.

Some topping ones here! There 's the Duchess of Devonshire, her as they say
Give a butcher a kiss for his vote, wich I reckon pertikler good pay.
Then "Mrs. GRACE ELLIOTT, born DALRYMPLE." Scissors! Sech sealing-wax lips,
And a eye as 'd fetch a old 'ermit slap out of his 'ole, and no chips!

Mister G. *could* jest paint a complexion, Sir, regular roses and milk,
Though I can't say I 'm nuts on that fashion of tying their throats with black silk,
Which some of TOM'S swell lady-sitters seemed partial to, CHARLIE, and which
Makes 'em look jest as though their sweet nobs 'ad been chopped off, and stuck on with pitch.

"Lady DUDLEY, born WHITE," I don't tumble to—error somewhere I should think;
But wotever tint she was *born*, she is here painted yaller and pink.
Fifty-five floored me raythe at first, seemed familiar, but closely approaching,
I found it was one WILLIAM POYNTZ, and *not* JACK SHEPPARD taken to poaching.

Seventy-one, WILLIAM STEVENS, D.D., mate, the Rector of place called Great Snoring,
Well, I've heard it in some country Churches, with Parsons unusually boreing;
But this one don't *look* like that sort—seems as sharp as my tarrier's yapping;
I pity the Chawbacon, CHARLIE, them two gimblet eyes should catch napping.

The "Blue Boy" is all very well, jolly clever no doubt, and all that,
But I shan't order Kino per sample, effect jest a trifle too flat.
And as for the "*Cottage Girl*," bless yer, most ornery sort o' young elf,
As common as dasies, dear boy, you arf feel you could paint 'er yerself.

TOM'S landscapes, I 'm told, are first-chop, though I fancy a little unekal,
I like somethink rather more greener, with less of the blue-bag and treacle.
But that was the "form" of old painters, with crickits it seems to go down;
But they must 'ave 'ad jolly rum hoptics, they seemed to see everythink brown.

The rest of the Show 's DICKY DOYLE, but, by Jingo! it isn't "all Dicky."
It 's worth the whole "Bob," and no error. In pictures I may say I'm "picky,"
Like RUSKIN and QUILTER—my namesake—but, give yer my davy, it queers
A snide 'un to trot round these rooms, Sir. I ain't felt so young not for years.

Don't know as I'm filberts on fairies, and dragons, and toadstools and things,
But you find yourself looking at *his* till you wish you wos small and 'ad wings;
Could flit about forests by moonlight, snooze under green dock-leaves and logs,
Snuggle up to the wings of a owl, or 'ave battles with crows or with frogs.

Yus, it sounds tommy rot I'm aware, and you 'll think I 've gone muzzy perhaps,
But his dwarfs and his goblins and sech are the rummest most rollicking chaps;
And as to his children and fairies, his witches and dragons—well there,
They fetch yer like one o'clock, CHARLIE, though *'ow* I don't know, nor don't care.
Seems to paint 'em with moonshine and jewel dust, dashed if he don't, my dear boy.
Then his *Story of Tommy*, and *Punch* larks are things as a chap must enjoy.
Reglar busters, my biffin, some on 'em, the history ones are a 'it;
And then there 's a string of "tight" monkeys would make a Jerusalem split.

'Owsomever, stash chin-music, CHARLIE! Don't often catch *me* on the gush.
The G. G.'s a excellent bobsworth, good 'our or two's fun and no crush.
My verdict—I'll wrop it up small, as I've give you a dollop to carry,—
Is "TOM, I 've no doubt is a topper, but DICK is the joker for 'ARRY."

AN EARLY BIRD ON THE TURF.

EARL CADOGAN contributes to the *Fortnightly* an Article on "The State of the Turf," which is of considerable interest to outsiders. According to the noble Author, the state of the Turf at the present moment is such as to require a good deal of cutting, watering, and levelling, to render it perfectly smooth. To keep the Turf in good condition for racing is the self-imposed duty of the Jockey Club, which, being a Society unrecognised by law, has considerable difficulty in enforcing obedience to its own rules and regulations. This body has to obtain the "good-will" of local Magistrates before dealing with any "fixtures." Lord CADOGAN is in favour of gate-money, and remarks that, as to "the argument that Racing should be provided gratuitously for the multitude, it is enough to say that such a demand has never been advanced in connection with any other sport or pastime." The Earl should not have said "never," but "hardly ever." For ourselves we object to gate-money, and always want to go in for nothing, but the Turf is not so green as that comes to, and at Sandown they are much too Sandowny to be let in themselves, or to let in anyone else. Of course a charge is made for admission to Lords and elsewhere to see a Cricket-match, and Cricket is a national pastime; but how about Boat-racing—which is as national and rational a sport as Horse-racing? This is pretty well open to the public, and in consequence of there being no gate-money, there 's a considerable run on every bank. The Jockey Club labours under "the serious difficulty" of not being able to take evidence on oath. Mr. BRADLAUGH wouldn't admit the seriousness of this difficulty. Certainly any statement about the Turf ought to be sward to. (*Ahem!*) In sum, the Earl thinks that the mission of the Jockey Club is to put down the gamblers and make a change for the better. Long may he remain above the Turf to be an ornament to it.

THE LAW OF LIQUIDATION—will very soon assert itself should a heavy snow-storm be followed by a tremendous thaw. Forewarned is forearmed.

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LAIRITZ'S REMEDIAL PINE WOOL FABRICS and PREPARATIONS.

Celebrated Anti-Rheumatic and Gout Remedies.

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Consisting of Pine Wool Flannels, all Description of Underclothing, Chest Preservers, Knee-Caps, Knitting Yarn, Wadding, Pine Needle Oil, Bath Extract, Soap, &c., &c.

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HINDE'S Hair Curling Pins

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USED COLD.

Surer and much more effective than curl papers.

Comfortable—Invisible—Simplicity itself.

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